

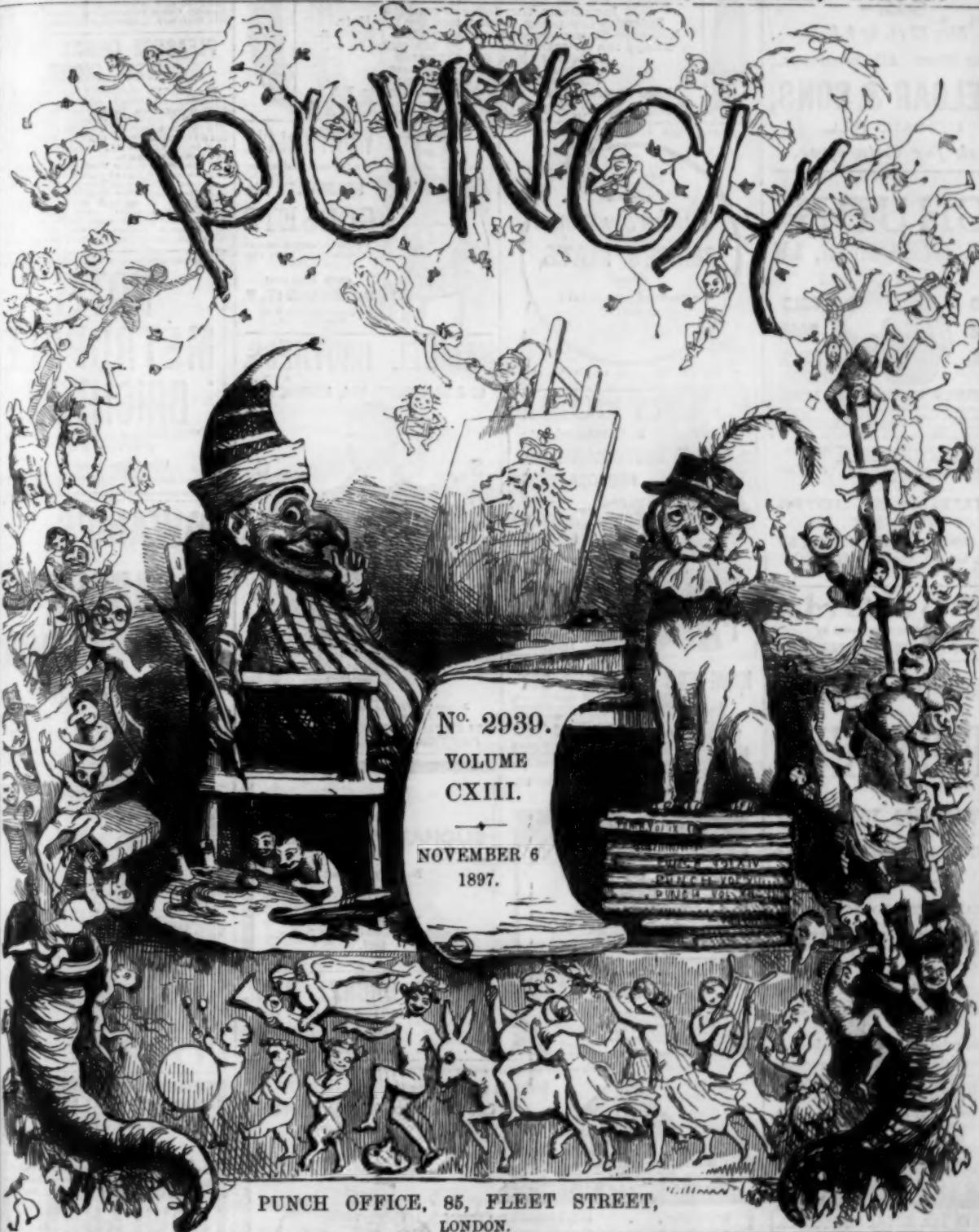
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Teeth, Prevents Decay, Strengthens the Breath.
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COMFORTING.

Sportsman (to Friend who has just ridden into a Bog, and looks like staying there). "By Jove, old chap, I believe we're in for a real good thing!"

MR. PUNCH'S "TATCHO" MODEL ADVERTISER.

THE MARIE CORELLI Circulation Creator,
"PUFFO."

PUFFO for Prose Writers.
PUFFO for Paragraphists.
PUFFO for Piffers.
PUFFO for Philosophers.
PUFFO for Princes.
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This mixture is invaluable for ungrammatical middle-class households. Taken internally in large doses of three to a bottle it prevents the patient from being shocked at anything, and makes him or her another man or woman. It is lurid, unconventional, scarlet, effusive, bombastic, and untrammeled. None genuine without the trade-mark, a picture of a patent-leather-booted Devil swallowing one glass of absinthe, with the legend, "Criticism, that is the enemy!"

PUFFO has vellumed its way into Windsor Castle!
PUFFO makes you sit up!
PUFFO has the scent of Poppies!

Bad men hate PUFFO.
Good men love PUFFO.
PUFFO is POPULAR.

"I certify that PUFFO is made from my own dear little teeny-weeny receipt, and I don't care a bit what naughty critics say about it. (Signed) MARIE CORELLI."

ANENT A WEE DRAPPIT.

MY DEAR M-B-RLY B-LL.—I read the other day in the *Times* that a "fairly healthy man clad in homespun, and judiciously fortified by another product of the

Highlands, can face any weather on a Scotch moor." This is quite true; but is it wise to let every one into the secret?

Yours ever,
TAM TOPER, LL.D.
Squareborough, Yicks.



Some Advantages of a London Fog.

You can meet your dearest enemy without looking at him, and cut the atmosphere with the end of your umbrella. You can also cut your tailor, if he be foolish enough to walk abroad, with the utmost unconcern, and can be certain of not encountering your bootmaker. Furthermore, you can look into all the shop-windows without any opposition from the passing pickpocket, and in a great many theatres you can have a great choice of seats. Lastly, but not leastly, you can attire yourself in any costume which it pleases you to assume, and bet ten to one with the Anti-Gambling League that you return home after a three-mile stroll closely resembling one of the minstrels of Messrs. MOORE AND BURGESS, or the humbler, but not less talented "busker" of the sands of Margate or Ramsgate. In a London fog, moreover, you are absolutely unknown to the police.

[It is needless to state that the above is from our Irrepressible One, now in his element.—EN.]

So there is going to be a new "Ashley's"—a genuine Equestrian Circus, which is now being built in a most central position. "Serious report this," observes our Medical Practitioner. "It seems to point to the ossification of the heart of London!"



DUE NORTH.

Lord Rosebery (Wandering Musician from Manchester to Edinburgh). "I'VE NOTHING NEW. CAN ONLY GIVE 'EM THE SAME OLD TUNE WITH VARIATIONS!"

ODE TO A SLOT-MACHINE.

(Written by way of Protest at a wayside Station on the Line from Tonbridge to Eastbourne.)

OH! patent marvel of our time,
Your vagaries I'll celebrate
In more or less promiscuous rhyme,
For lack of penny chocolate.
I've forty minutes now to kill
Upon this fatuous single line,
That climbs each eastern Sussex hill
In corkscrew curves of mad design.
To cool my heels is scarcely fun
In this most uninviting hole,
Refreshed by no seductive bun,
No "four of Scotch," nor sausage-roll.
Your coy, retiring slot I greet,
That shall my appetite beguile
With blameless automatic sweet—
I've longed for food a goodish while!
Come, here's the necessary coin
I tender your secretive maw;
"Grace before meat," I nearly join,
In eager haste my prize to draw.
I push it in—it disappears,
The solitary bronze I own;
I wait with mingled hopes and fears—
Shall I succeed or starve alone?
A porter loiters idly by,
And marks my half-concealed attempt;
He mocks, with much too knowing eye,
My hungry look, my hair unkempt.
Why, what's the matter? Something
sticks,
I've been befooled and drawn a blank;
Confound, I say, such knavish tricks,
The man who made the thing's a crank!
And so my praise is turned to blame;
"Ode to"—I started, but I mean
(As I my penn'orth vainly claim)
That I'm "Owed by a slot-machine!"

PROVERBS RE-SET.

(By our Vague Impressionist.)

It's no use crying wolf when the fire is out.

Take a pitcher to a well too often and it will look over a garden wall.

What is one man's meat is another king's ransom.

People who live in glass houses should close the stable-door before they are stolen.

A fox who likes sour grapes knows its own father.

Take care of the pence and you will have enough for lunch in the bush.

A cat may look at a sow's ear and yet be sold for a sheep and a lamb.

Convince a man against his will and hang him.

Give a dog an inch and he will soon come home to roost.

A penny in time costs nothing.

When poverty is gold what is the use of silver?

A nod is as good as a mile to the king of the blind men.

TRUE BLUES AT STAMMERSHAM.

The first stone of the New Bluecoat Boys School, i.e., Christ's Hospital, was laid at Stammersham, near Horsham, ten days ago, by H.R.H., in his capacity as Grand Master of Freemasons, with full masonic ritual. "Stammersham" has a queer sound as the locality for a great school, whose youthful scholars are to be brought up as out-spoken, genuine Englishmen, without any "stammer" or "sham"



Dealer. "YES, SIR, THAT GUN WAS PICKED UP ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO."

Brown. "HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR IT?"

Dealer. "WELL, I SOLD ONE TO A GENT THE OTHER DAY FOR THREE POUNDS."

Brown. "LOOK HERE, I SAY, NONE OF YOUR BALAKLAVA CHARGES FOR ME, YOU KNOW!"

about them. By the way, one of the best and gentlest of all Bluecoat Boys was a stammerer, namely, CHARLES LAMB. May there be many such a sweet and playful lamb among the future Blues without the stammer and with no sort of sham about them, and so, to all masters and pupils alike in their new abode, Mr. Punch, endorsing all His Royal Highness said on the occasion, wishes Happiness and Prosperity.

is something new in this steamship, if the rollers are to be used with the same effect as garden rollers, then there is every reason for welcoming them most heartily. But in this case ought not the roller-steamer to go first, so that the passenger steamers, following in its wake, can just go over the track which the roller-steamer has levelled out flat and smooth as the cloth of a billiard table? That would indeed be luxurious. Success to the roller-steamer!

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND BEAUTIFYING TREE IN LONDON.—The plane.

A CAPITAL ERROR is to start a business without a capital.

NEW ROLLER STEAMSHIP.—Surely there's nothing very new in this. Very few steamers in which I have ever voyaged that have not been "rollers." Yet if there



*She (after a proposal). "WHY, YOU SILLY BOY, IF I MARRIED YOU, YOU COULD NOT EVEN DRESS ME!"
He (bashfully; yet eagerly). "PERHAPS, WITH A FEW LESSONS, I COULD LEARN."*

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

Down the Danube.—Early start from Linz. Very scanty breakfast. Order a sandwich on the steamer. Excellent Germans and Austrians already drinking beer. Civil Viennese waiter supposes that I also require beer. If not, then wine. Assure him that I am only hungry. This is almost too much for his civility. However, he refrains from any comment, but I see him, in distant corners, furtively watching the mad Englishman who is not thirsty at 9.30 A.M. First view of Vienna in the Autumn evening is a smoky fog. Rising high in the mist a gigantic wheel, lighted up. I am back at Earl's Court. On to Budapest. Hungarian gentleman on board anxious to know the correct pronunciation of some English names. He tells me how to say some Hungarian words. Then he remarks pleasantly, "Aingleesh-shpokkenhairy." Do not understand. Of course not, it is Hungarian. Is it a phrase of politeness? Perhaps it might be useful. Try to say it after him. Manage it badly. He repeats it. Try again. Then he translates it into German, and I find it is only "English spoken here." Help him to a more correct pronunciation of some English names and words which he mentions, and at intervals, till we arrive at Pest, he murmurs to himself, making a determined effort to master them, "Bimming-gum, bree—akfast, gudnight, Solsnry."

Budapest.—Arrive after dark. Out in the morning and find the whole city gay with flags. Can it be that the capital of free and enlightened Hungary thus welcomes the humble and unworthy representative of *Mr. Punch*, always the friend of freedom and enlightenment? Remember that in Hungary the Press is as free as in England. Remember that some English newspapers have correspondents who are the friends of emperors and the companions of kings. Can it be that all this preparation was made, the Burgomaster, the Town Council and the journalists perhaps waiting at the station, while I meekly slipped in by the steamer, unperceived in the darkness? Do not desire any fuss, but if as the representative, always unworthy, of *Mr. Punch*, it was my duty to be publicly received, I ought to have been publicly re-

ceived. Go back to the hotel and think this out. Could perhaps even now take a return ticket to the first station, and arrive properly. Must at least learn a suitable sentence in Hungarian in the manner of the Champion Speech-maker of Berlin. Where is that phrase-book? Here we are; the very thing! *Visszontlátásra!* *Au revoir!* That will do for the end of a speech. Should doubtless put on my evening clothes. Before doing so, had better make quite sure those preparations are not for a correspondent of the *T—s*, or the *D—y N—s*, or the *D—y T—h*. Ring the bell. Enter Hungarian chambermaid. Speaks less German than I do. Not much good to say *Visszontlátásra* to her. Besides, I do not want to see her again. Say merely "Kellner." Enter waiter. The preparations are for the King of Roumania. A mere King! But at least I escape any fuss. Am again a comfortable nonentity, simply—

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

Quotations for the Lord Mayor Elect, Colonel Horatio Davies, M.P.

SHAKESPEARE suggests,—"What ho, HORATIO! My sweet Lord"—Mayor. Then if his Right Honourable Lordship that-is-to-be, is asked what will be the chief events of his Mayoralty, the retired Colonel may aptly reply with TERENCE (the early Irish dramatist), "Davies sum, non Edipus!"

From the Military "Mikado."

OH! this new bullet beats the "dum-dum," "dum-dum,"
The betting (if any)'s a pound to a penny
If hit you are sure to succumb, cumb, cumb,
So join our expressions of glee!

"Ah!" exclaimed, enthusiastically, a hair-dresser's assistant, who had been out for a holiday, "I'm 'Ead, in Surrey! That's the place for Hair!"

H.R.H. Mary Adelaide of Teck.

ROYAL by right of birth,
And royal by the sway that rules the heart.
Princess! the Hand that lays you low in earth
Leaves you in all our loves a place apart.

Bound not by blood alone,
Our QUEEN has held you hers by dearer ties;
And from your life has sprung for England's throne
The mother of our kings that yet shall rise.

So must your memory stand:
But still of other praise the best shall be:—
"She had the gentle smile, the open hand,
The unforgetting heart of Charity!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"God forbid that I should at any time, or under any provocations, have been guilty of so unchristian a thought as to doubt that a bookseller might be a truly good and honourable man." Thus S. T. COLERIDGE, nearly ninety years ago, wrote to WILLIAM BLACKWOOD. COLERIDGE's capabilities were wide and profound. None would claim for him the gift of joking. He was gravely in earnest when he penned this sentence, which throws a flood of light upon the relations of literary men and publishers at the epoch when BYRON wrote his famous gibe, "Now BARABBAS was a publisher." A study of the character of WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, presented in Mrs. OLIPHANT'S *Annals of a Publishing House* (BLACKWOOD), convicts the literary magnates of the day of sheer impudence. In his correspondence, and in every action of his life, "the man clothed in plain apparel" of the *Chaldees Manuscript*, stands forth as an amalgam of most that is good in mankind. Shrewd of head, kindly of heart, warm in friendship, magnanimous to an adversary, of sound judgment, quick insight, liberal in mind and in purse, "the bookseller," loftily contemned by the University men of genius in whose favour he drew cheques, shines among them all with purest, serenest ray. The two volumes are full of interest, throwing a flood of light on the history of literature at the beginning of the century. From that misty land there emerge life-like figures of tumultuous "Christopher North"; of versatile LOCKHART, "the scorpion which delighteth to sting the faces of men"; of the poor, vain "Ettrick Shepherd," ever in lack of £50; of Dr QUINCY in almost equal need; of "bright, broken MAGINN"; of others of that period, and later, whose names are familiar in English literature. Of these we may read in other books. To my Baronite, Mrs. OLIPHANT'S last work is most precious as making possible close and intimate acquaintance of the sturdy founder of the House of BLACKWOOD, whose personal qualities have happily proved hereditary.

The Lady's Walk (METHUEN & Co.), by the late Mrs. OLIPHANT, is a sweetly pathetic, mystical story. The second tale in this volume is *The Ship's Doctor*. Both deeply interesting, and told with such fascinating simplicity as is the very perfection of the novelist's art.

St. Ives, by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (HEINEMANN), does not give us the author at anything like his best. Commencement, excellent; afterwards, the interest flags, and only here and there is attention arrested by a flash of dramatic incident. Its style suggests that the author had set himself the task of competing with THACKERAY in *Esmond* and *Barry Lyndon*. We know, from the prefatorial note, that STEVENSON left the story three-parts finished, and betook himself to other work. This seems to imply his own dissatisfaction, or, it may have been, he was overcome by a feeling of weariness, a consequence of his weak state of health. Here and there he has introduced, in so careless a manner as to be almost ostentatious, modern slang phrases, which were, I venture to say, not in vogue during the first twenty years of the present century. And surely it must have been only due to carelessness that he should have described two youths in the house of an elderly matron as "two good-looking young fellows of the other sex." If they were young "fellows," how on earth could they have been "of the other sex?" Where the late Mr. STEVENSON left off Mr. A. T. QUILLER CROUCH has taken it up and continued it. He finished it in six chapters, and so closely has he contrived to imitate his model that, but for the information conveyed in a note, it would have been uncommonly difficult to discover where STEVENSON ended and CROUCH began. Mr. QUILLER CROUCH is possibly unaware that the escape of a man from arrest by climbing into a professional aéronaut's



EXPERIMENTALISM.

Herbert. "BUT, MILLY DEAR, IF YOU DON'T WANT THE THINGS, WHY ON EARTH DID YOU BUY THEM?"

Milly. "HOW STUPID YOU ARE, HERBERT! HOW COULD I POSSIBLY KNOW I DIDN'T WANT THEM TILL I HAD BOUGHT THEM?"

balloon, just as it is on the point of starting from some public gardens, was originally used by ALBERT SMITH in his *Pottleton Legacy*, about forty years ago.

Christmas Books! "Here we are again!" Though it is so often alleged that children of nowadays are not as those of former days in regard to juvenile literature, yet, in spite of this *fin-de-siècle* accusation, the *Lamp of Nursery Light Literature* burns as brightly as ever. The royal convivialities of "Ole King Cole" and the dire tragedy of "Goosey, Goosey, Wander" still appeal with repeated charms to the prodigious mind of Baby. In new and dainty attire, these, and many other antique favourites are drawn by FRANCIS D. BEDFORD (METHUEN & Co.), and on the same classical standard ranks the ever verdant, or, more correctly, the ever red *Roselind Annual* (JAMES CLARKE & Co.). Both orthodox editions for the nursery collection.

Mrs. MOLESWORTH'S delightfully-told story of *Miss Mouse and her Boys* will be greatly appreciated by those of small advancing years. The proverbial "quiet as a mouse" is strongly suggested in this little character, whose influential quietness is distinctly heard and felt by her noisier companions. The illustrations are by LESLIE BROOKS.

For those children gifted with a *Silas Wegg* proclivity for dropping into verse, *Red Apples and Silver Bells*, by HAMISH HENDRY, ought to touch their poetic fancy by the essentially inappropriate title; but that is a mere detail in the stretch of imagination. The quaint pictures are by ALICE B. WOODWARD. It is published by BLACKIE AND SON, from whose firm comes also a genuine boy's book, *With Frederick the Great*, by the redoubtable G. A. HENTY, whose great idea is to mix an historical powder in the jam of sensation.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



THE TRAVELLERS TRICKED.
(*An à propos Duologue.*)

She (with resolution). **CHARLIE**, I want to ask your pardon. I have made a mistake.

He. Yes, dear; which of them?

She. You shall not put me out by sneering. Yes, I have made a mistake; and when I make a mistake, I do not fail to acknowledge it.

He. Quite right, dear. Nothing like having a congenial occupation.

She. **CHARLIE**, we came back to town prematurely.

He. Yes, dear; we certainly curtailed our stay in Paris a little to allow of your purchasing that pretty bonnet.

She. It cost a lot of money, **CHARLIE**.

He. It did, dear; but I did not grudge

it, as you and the shop girl said it was of the first mode and the greatest novelty in Paris.

She. Yes, **CHARLIE**; and I believed her.

He. Well, I am sure that the three or four days we cut off were well worth it, to buy the bonnet.

She. How good, how noble of you to say so!

He. Not at all; I was really glad to get back to the club. And you have your bonnet—a real genuine French bonnet! And the most Parisian shape imaginable.

She (with an effort). The shape is not Parisian.

He. Not Parisian! Where does it come from?

She. I see from a ticket in the lining it was made in the Edgware Road.

[Tears and curtain.]

WONDERS AT A WEDDING.

(*An Introspective Record.*)

Wonder if it is going to be a fine day. Wonder if I can manage to put in one more quiet smoke after breakfast.

Wonder if the Best Man will miss his train, get married to the Bride, or mixed up with the Bridesmaids, offer me a cigarette instead of the Ring at the critical moment, put my hat in the pulpit or some other inappropriate place, or what he will be up to.

Wonder why I've got such a tremendous appetite at lunch. I've been eating for three-quarters of an hour, and am still hungry.

Wonder how much longer it will be before her father turns up with her. I've been acting as general pew-opener to the congregation for the last half-hour.

Wonder if the Bride will shake the rice out of her hair after we have faced the battle of *confetti*, harvest decorations, and other missiles outside the church.

Wonder if she has sufficiently smudged the newly-painted name on her travelling-trunks. These little points, if unattended to, do give the show away so on your honeymoon-trip.

Wonder if my old serge suit is really too shabby to go away in.

Wonder how many wrong people I've thanked for their presents.

Wonder if we, and the blood-relations, and the company generally, will part friends after being dragged into the wedding-group to be photographed.

Wonder if I've forgotten to invite any of my third-cousins-twice-removed, and how many people will scratch at the last moment.

Wonder if I have got everything packed.

Wonder if all the luggage has gone on first.

Wonder if we shall catch the train.

[Left wondering.]

White Mokes (in One Verse).

With Apologies to Mr. Kipling's "White Horses."

See the new weekly "Literature."

ENOUGH of your curdled hollows—
Enough of the KIPLING wind—
Enough of the moaning groundswell—
I wish it were left behind!
If "braying" is done by horses,
What wonder the word "abroad"
Should be used by our wild white RUDYARD
As a Cockney rhyme to "Lord."

WHAT'S IN NAMES?

In Spite of Fate is the title of Mr. SILAS BURNING's successful new novel. It cannot help being a S-Burning story! And that it should be illustrated by Mr. REASON is certainly most suggestive. Next, please! Rhyme illustrated by Reason.

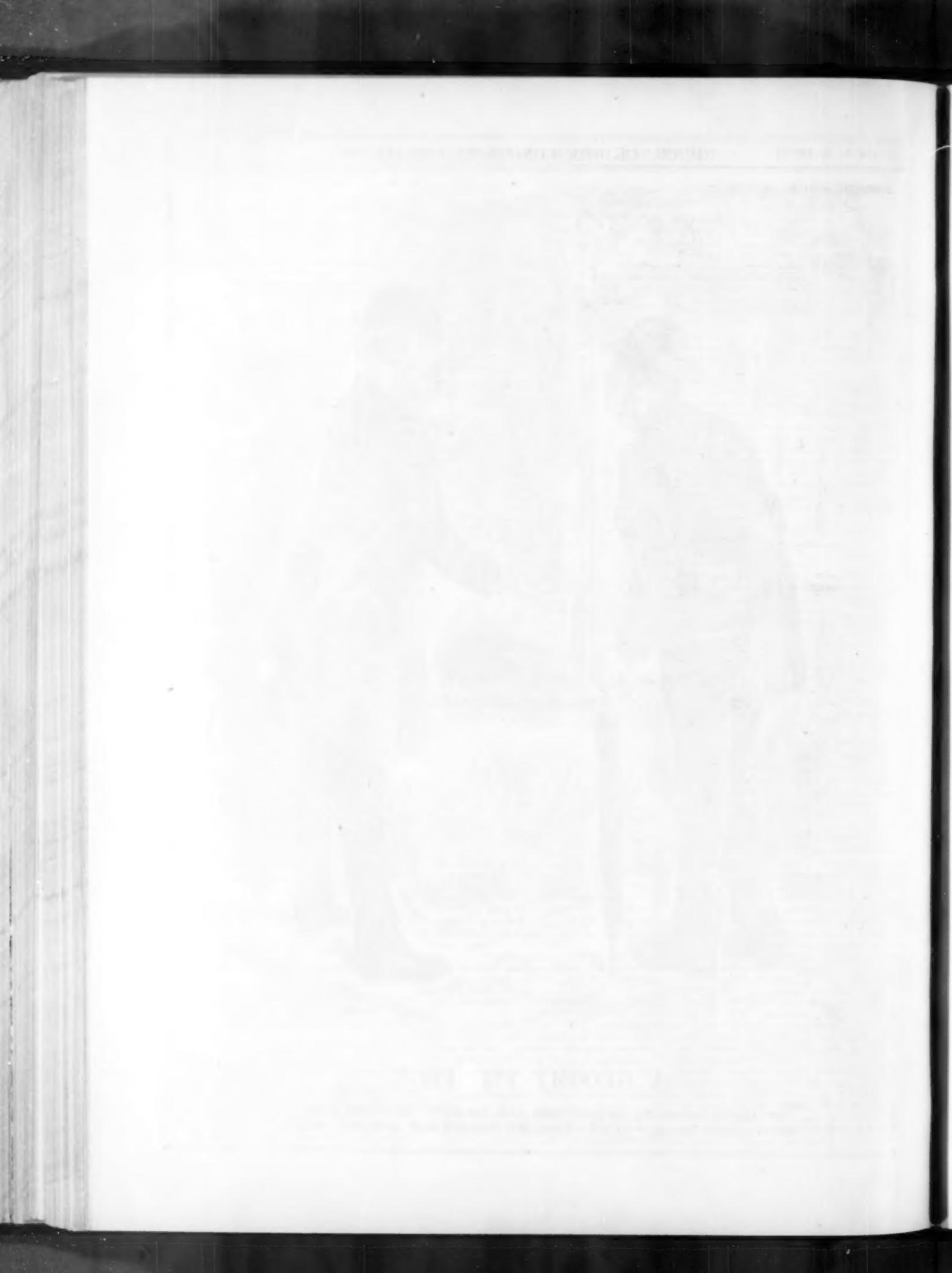
Then there is another by Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT, *The One I knew the Best of All*, a memory of the mind of a child, illustrated by Mr. REGINALD BIRCH. Poor dear child! Illustrated with cuts of Birch! Birch ought to associate his work with HALL CAINE. BIRCH, CAINE & Co. for a Christmas book! Ugh!

Equally appropriate to the title, *The Haughtyshire Hunt*, to be published by BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., in November, is the name of its author, FOX RUSSELL. The story ought to be good from cover to cover, and that Fox ought to show us some good sport; of gorse he ought.



A GLOOMY PROSPECT.

FIRST LABOUR LEADER. "I SAY—THINGS ARE LOOKING PRECIOUS BAD!"
SECOND LABOUR LEADER. "BAD!! WHY, WE SHAN'T GET OUR PAY NEXT!!!"





English Tourist. "HOW EVER DO YOU KEEP WARM WADING LIKE THAT THIS WEATHER?"
Old Scot. "WHUSKEY, NAETHING BUT WHUSKEY! I JUST TAK' A BOTTLE A DAY. MAN, IT'S GRAND FOR THE CIRCULATION. MY WIFE SAYS WHEN I PIT MY HEAD IN THE WATER IN THE MORNING, SHE CAN HEAR IT FIZZLE!"

THE PLUMBER.

(*A New Chapter of an Old Book.*)

***** THE White Rabbit was holding a jam tart in his paw, but he suddenly stopped eating.

"What's the matter?" cried ALICE, as he clutched his paw convulsively over the lower part of his waistcoat. "Have you got a pain anywhere?"

"Pain!" ejaculated the Rabbit. "Pain isn't the word for it. Did you ever live on jam tarts for a fortnight?"

"I can't say I did," replied ALICE. "But if they make you feel so ill, why do you go on eating them?"

"Why?" groaned the White Rabbit. "Because I can't help it. If I don't eat jam tarts I must starve. There's nothing else to be had. The cook's turned out of the kitchen—can't so much as toast an oat, so we have to send round to the baker, and the only thing he can give us is jam tarts."

"But why? Has anything happened?"

The White Rabbit's face turned pale. "Sh! The frost," he said. "The boiler pipe has burst, and," he added, his voice sinking to a nervous whisper, "the Plumber is in possession!"

ALICE looked bewildered. "You don't understand?" he said. "Very well, then; come and see."

The White Rabbit led the way to the kitchen, and opened the door. The Plumber was leaning against the mantelpiece, smoking black shag. His arms were crossed on his bosom, and his gaze was fixed abstractedly on the ceiling, whilst an empty pewter that stood at his elbow seemed to account for the seraphic smile that played on his countenance. He had taken up half the flooring, he had taken down half the wall, he had pulled the grate to pieces, and the fragments lay scattered about the room.

"There he is!" whispered the White Rabbit. "He's stood there for a fortnight, and heaven knows when we shall get rid of him."

The poor Rabbit looked so unutterably miserable, and the Plumber so abominably self-satisfied, that ALICE felt her indignation roused.

"Well!" she cried. "You're a pretty workman! How much longer are you going to stand there doing nothing?"

The Plumber's eyes travelled slowly along the ceiling and down the wall until they rested on ALICE. "Doing nothing!"

he said. "That's all you amateurs know. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Busy!" cried ALICE. "What are you doing?"

The Plumber blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth. "Attending to the pipe, of course."

The White Rabbit groaned. Whether it was the jam tarts or the pun, ALICE did not know.

"I don't see how you can be doing that," she said. "I know when the pipe freezes—"

"You can't see anything," retorted the Plumber, very rudely, as ALICE thought. "You're only an ignorant amateur."

"I'm not."

"You are. If you weren't ignorant, you would know that it is not the pipes that freeze, but the water in them."

"Of course, I knew that," ALICE began. But the Rabbit interposed. "Don't argue with him, please," he begged, "or he'll pull all the rest of the house to pieces. And where do you think you will be finished?" he asked, turning to the Plumber with a deprecating smile.

"That depends when I get done," replied the Plumber.

"Of course," said the Rabbit. "And when will that be?"

The Plumber made a mental calculation of the amount of beer left in the cellar. "It might be three weeks, or it might be a month," he said.

"What! to stop a little hole the size of a sixpence!" cried ALICE.

"Ah! you don't know what plumbing is. You've got to find the hole first, don't you see? I may have to pull down the rest of the wall—"

"What! Haven't you found it yet?" asked ALICE. But the White Rabbit clapped his paw over her mouth. "Don't argue with him, for heaven's sake!" he exclaimed. "He'll have the house down about our ears."

"Lucky if it don't come of its own accord," remarked the Plumber. "The foundations are rotten, the drains are rotten, the walls are rotten, the bricks are rotten, and as for that boiler—"

"What? What?" gasped the White Rabbit.

"It may burst at any minute."

The White Rabbit gave a little shriek, and almost fainted with terror.

"It's fizzing now," said the Plumber.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" cried the Rabbit, and seizing ALICE by the hand, he ran off with her as fast as his little legs could carry him. When he had got to what he considered a safe distance, he stopped and listened. "Oh, dear!" he groaned. "It is just going off. I can hear it bubble-bubbling."

But ALICE thought the sound he heard was the chuckling of the Plumber.

"Do you know?" he whispered; "if I could only be sure the Plumber would be blown up, too, I should be almost glad to see my house disappear. I believe it would be the cheapest in the long run."

"I am sure it would," said ALICE.

OUR 'ARRY is charmed to hear, on the authority of the *Athenaeum*, that "the poems of the Bacchylides" will be published shortly. "O' course," says 'ARRY. "It'll be pictures of the Lidiies as likes their 'baccy; takin' it in cig'rets, doncherno. Good old 'Baccy Lidiies!"



CEREMONIALS AND RECORDS OF THE CITY OF LONDON!

(Official Extracts Unofficially Illustrated !)



First Urchin. "FIFTH O' NOVEMBER, SIR! ONLY A COPPER, SIR! JIST A PENNY, SIR!"
Second Urchin. "LET 'IM ALONE. CAWNT YER SEE 'E'S ONE OF THE FAMILY!"

TOBY M.P.'S PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE.

I.

THE world is not lacking in Parliamentary Guides. There is the time-honoured *Dod*, the veracious *Vacher*, and others. None, however, valuable or estimable, attempt to fill gap long neglected. The newspaper reader constantly comes across phrases in Parliamentary Reports glibly uttered in the House, with the assumption that every one knows exactly what they mean. If they don't, they should; and so no matter. The simple design of this work, primarily conceived in the interests of new Members of the House of Commons, will, it is humbly trusted, be not without interest and advantage to the public at large.

"The New Member took the Oath and his Seat."—In pursuance of a resolution dated February 23, 1888, new Members returned after a General Election are "introduced to the Table between two Members, making their obeisances as they go up, that they may be the better known to the House." So the ancient order runs, and new Members will do well to observe its spirit as well as its letter. On being introduced to the Table, they should bear

themselves with frank cordiality, shaking it warmly by the leg, and inquiring after the health of the family. Much depends upon first impressions. The new Member should make the most of this opportunity.



"Executes a dance on approaching the table."

If, walking up the floor escorted by the two Members, he were to halt midway and execute a few steps of a dance, it would be pleasing, as testifying to a light heart, and a disposition to entertain.

The Clerk at the Table.—Having completed the ceremony of introduction to the Table, the new Member will find awaiting him a gentleman in wig and gown. This is the Clerk. Ordinarily, new Members, observing his hand outstretched, place it in the certificate of the Clerk of the Crown that the return to the writ is duly made. That is a mistake, and though the Clerk says nothing, being of retiring disposition, long-suffering under this persistent error, he feels it none the less. The new

Member should seize the extended hand, heartily shake it, and in tones indicative of keen interest, ask, "How is Mrs. Kruger?" or whatever the name of the Clerk may be. This he will be careful to



Shaking hands with the Clerk!

ascertain beforehand. No man likes to be asked after some other man's wife under the impression that she is his own.

Time's Protest.

"If Time permit." Egregious man,
To put the blame on *Edax Rerum*!
One section of you makes a plan,
The other does his best to queer 'em.
Penelope's web is still your model,
One party-spinner just begins it;
Another tries, by tedious twaddle,
To unravel fast as t'other spins it.
If thus you waste your work and wit,
In your mad spirit of modernity,
To finish aught Time won't permit,
Nor, for that matter, would Eternity!



PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.

Obliging Cornel. "WANTS A BOB EASY, DON'T YER? WELL, NEXT ROAD BUT ONE—NUMBER THREE—OLD GENT ILL—BUY YOU OFF IN TWO MINUTES IF YOU GIVES IT 'EM STRONG!"

THE HEATHEN.

(*Perverted from the Manx.*)

BLIZZARDO! BLIZZARDO!! BLIZZARDO!!!

It was on all the Hilarity sandwiches. Enigmatic as it might appear to the common crowd, for one this simple iteration was pregnant with meaning. That one was ALLELUIA GROUSE, seated at the time in an automototor, going neither she nor the driver knew exactly whither. At first she had failed to take it all in. You know how trying it always is when you come straight out of the comparative retirement of a nunnery into the whirr and glare of the Metropolis, with its omnibuses and heady gas-lights. It was only during one of the vehicle's involuntary pauses that she began to grasp the purport of the posters. It was her love, her LUKE BLIZZARD, the chaste dream of her childhood, who, under the thin veil of an Italian pseudonym, was to make sport for the sensual multitude in a music-hall. How changed from the LUKE of those dear, dead days of innocence, when they climbed the tree of knowledge together, he in flannels, she in a lily jersey and her own ruby curls!

Suddenly from without, through the Great Horseless Carriage-window sprang the nunnery bull-pup, Sandowski. The faithful creature had been following her into the wide, wide world on the petroleum-cistern, from which he had displaced three extra passengers, eating a small piece of each. Ah! he at least had not changed; life, then, was not all illusion!

These meditations were rudely interrupted by a diversion on the part of the automototor. The machine had been supernaturally arrested at the very door of the Hilarity. Gorgeous equipages were depositing fair women in music-hall cloaks and satin shoes; also brave men in patent leather and shirt-fronts: some with three studs, some with two, some with one. A momentary doubt assailed her. The pit! Its very name was associated in her guileless mind with the eventual end of the ungodly! But curiosity, the fatal passion to know the worst, overcame her scruples. She entered the vestibule, closely pursued by Sandowski. The portal guardian attempted to oppose the entrance of the bull-pup. "Mark him, Sandowski!" she

said; and the man retired abashed. The same unstudied tact carried her past a row of brilliant funkeys, and easily secured her a seat in the front row of the pit. The dog, not easily astonished, curled his lithe form under her feet.

For a time she forgot her object in the novelty of the scene, about which the reader, if he has not had the author's advantages, ought to be told something. An interval was on. Clouds of rank tobacco-smoke, very distressing to many ladies of the aristocracy, obscured the proscenium; while champagne for the front seats, and beer for the back, flowed in open conduits down the radii and diazoma of the auditorium. Sandowski noticed this, and helped himself. At length the band began to play. The music had reference to the new performer, not to the one who had gone off ten minutes before. A lady came on and sang something about another lady's back-hair, and the place where it hung. ALLELUIA was inexpressibly shocked. She looked round at the shameless faces behind her grinning saucily above their light frock-coats (a popular form of apparel in the pit). "Such," she said to herself, "are the nightly pleasures of our people. O my country, my country!" Involuntarily she had lapsed into quotation from a Mr. CAINE, gifted Manx expert, and widely recommended to the rising generation of Man.

Presently, a new number was put up. In case it is not generally known that these numbers correspond to those in the programmes, and are slid into picture-frames on the stage by liveried minions, let this fact be no longer concealed. Through the roar of anticipation which shook the Oriental building, ALLELUIA could detect the offensively vulgar phrase, "Good old BLIZZARDO!" She strongly resented this tone of universal proprietorship. Her feet swam under her as she saw a figure, only too familiar, advance jauntily to the footlights, which, it should be said, are placed in the forepart of the stage. Though sadly marred by a false nose and a "bald comic" she readily recognised the speaking features of her love of the old Manx days. Nodding to the audience, he began to sing. Ah! the sweet old song! How often had she heard him give it in her native isle at the Sodor and Man diocesan treats! The same massive baritone, the same persuasive delivery, the same irresistible contortions of the face, allowing, of course, for the change of nose; but, then, how significant that change! how subtly fraught with sinister import!

The song was a little thing in the original Gaelic, which went straight to the heart of every Anglo-Saxon in the house. Innocent as were the words (in the original), they suffered severely from the audience in the process of ignorant translation. The ungovernable licence of the pit lent to them just any meaning that appealed to its low, its deplorably low, taste. The air was thick with innuendos; the floor paved with double intentions. On one of the stoutest slabs stood a philanthropist in a dark cloak, leering suggestively from under his Babylonish sombrero.

But the saddest thing of all was that the singer seemed to approve the improper interpretations of the crowd. Twice he openly winked; once at the trombone, once at the triangle (a three-cornered tinkling instrument); and as he took leave of the audience he had the effrontery to hitch up his trousers at the knee, only slightly, it is true, but enough to discover a portion of pea-green sock in a way that was far from delicate. The effect was instantaneous: it brought down great fragments of the house. With that brute instinct which is often superior to the moral intelligence of fallen man, the dog Sandowski emitted a howl; thus drawing upon himself the attention of a Member of the Force (in plain clothes), who proceeded to arrest him for being without a muzzle. In vain a very gallant neighbour declared that he was its guilty owner; for Sandowski at once took him in the jaw before being felled to the ground by a blow from the constable's whistle. And even as LUKE BLIZZARD was coming on for his encore, wearing a wreath of damask-roses, the gift of an admirer in the stage-box, ALLELUIA Grouse was being ignominiously passed on from chuckerout to chuckerout in the wake of her inanimate hound. Her heart was too full to pay much attention to the philanthropist in the Babylonish sombrero, who was just then hovering round the pit-door, taking notes for his new work, *If Mr. Stead went on the Stage.*

Author's Note to the Editor (not necessarily for publication).—Will you earn my profound gratitude by giving publicity to the fact that the above work has been soundly advertised in the *City and Suburban pulpit*? [Certainly not.—E.O.]

WHEN on the first day of Term time most of the Legal Luminaries lightened up the venerable Abbey of Westminster, what an opportunity of improving the occasion was missed by not reading to them something from one of the books of Judges just by way of a "Lesson"!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 6, 1897.



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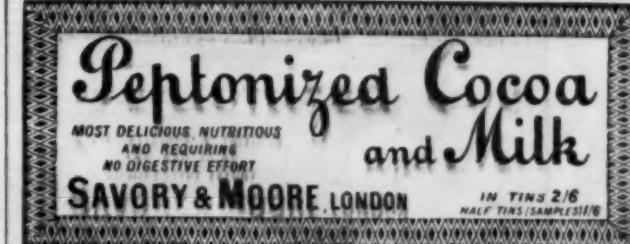
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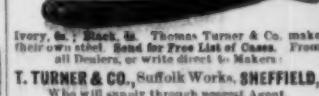
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